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No.

36.

Dedicated, by Permission, to
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

Vignette Scene Print.	Designed by	Engraved by
<i>Cleopatra and Iras. . .</i>	<i>Monsieur Moreau le</i>	<i>Bartolozzi.</i>
<i>Mrs. Pope in Cleo-</i>	<i>jeune, at Paris. . .</i>	
<i>tra</i>	<i>Burney.</i>	<i>Thornthwayte.</i>

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VI.

343.

Act 3. ANTONY and CLEOPATRA. Scene 3.



Burney del^t

Thornthwaite sculp^t

M^{rs} POPE in the Character of CLEOPATRA.

Cleo — *I have one thing more to ask him yet.*

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand Aug^t 22nd 1786 .



NOTE in the Character of Clerk of the Court.
See I have one thing more to ask him yet.

S. H. A. H. L. P. E. R. E.



ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

This proves me base.

Moreau le jeune del.

F. Bartolozzi sculp.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand, Aug^t 3^d 1786.

Bell's Edition.

A N T O N Y

A N D

C L E O P A T R A,

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of
SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose ;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new :
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain :
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

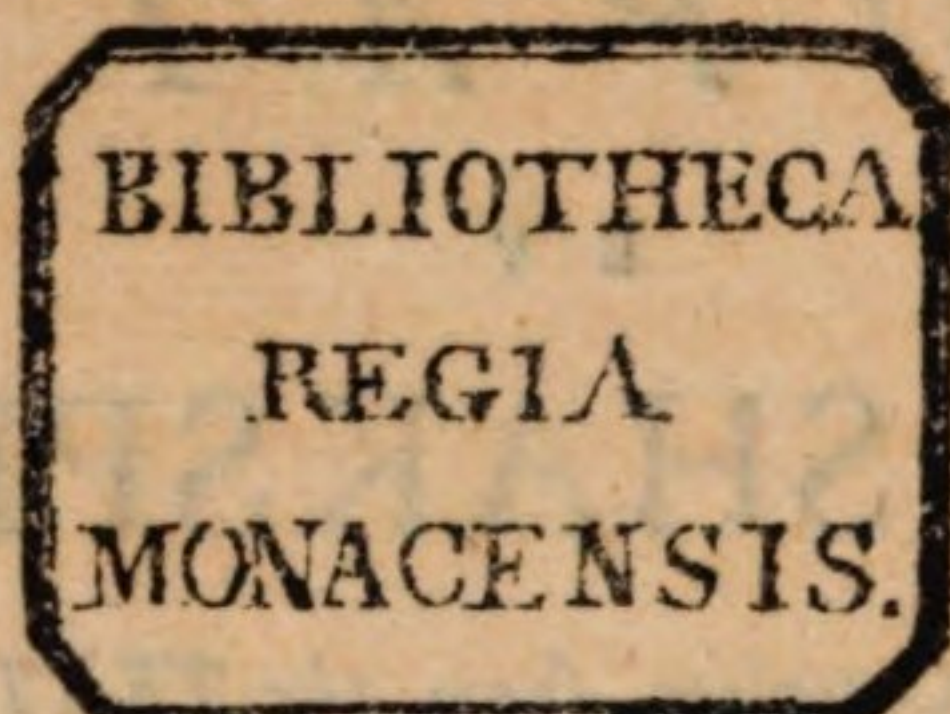
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LONDON:
Printed by J. Smith, in the Strand,
John Bell, Bookseller, Strand,
Opposite to the Royal Exchange and Palace of Westminster.
MDCCLXXV.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

AMONG the entries in the books of the Stationer's Company, October 19, 1593, I find "A Booke entituled the Tragedie of *Cleopatra*." It is entered by Symon Waterson, for whom some of Daniel's works were printed; and therefore it is probably by that author, of whose *Cleopatra* there are several editions.

In the same volumes, May 2, 1608, Edward Blount entered "A Booke called *Anthony and Cleopatra*." This is the first notice I have met with concerning any edition of this play more ancient than the folio, 1623. STEEVENS.

This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish *Cleopatra*, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connexion, or care of disposition. JOHNSON

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

M. ANTONY,	}	<i>Triumvirs.</i>
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,		
ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,		
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.		
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,	}	<i>Friends of Antony.</i>
VENTIDIUS,		
CANIDIUS,		
EROS,		
SCARUS,		
DERCETAS,		
DEMETRIUS		
PHILO,	}	<i>Friends of Cæsar.</i>
MECÆNAS,		
AGRIPPA,		
DOLABELLA,		
PROCULEIUS,		
THYREUS,		
GALLUS,	}	<i>Friends of Pompey.</i>
MENAS,		
MENECRATES,		
VARRIUS,		
SILIUS, an Officer in Ventidius's Army.	}	<i>Servants to Cleopatra.</i>
TAURUS, Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.		
ALEXAS,		
MARDIAN,		
SELEUCUS,		
DIOMEDES,	}	<i>A Soothsayer : A Clown.</i>
A Soothsayer : A Clown.		

WOMEN.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Ægypt.*
OCTAVIA, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*
CHARMIAN, } *Attendants on Cleopatra.*
IRAS, }
*Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers,
Messengers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE is dispersed in several Parts of the Roman Empire.



A N T O N Y
A N D
C L E O P A T R A.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CLEOPATRA's Palace at Alexandria. Enter DEMETRIUS, and PHILO.

Philo.

NAY, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gypsy's lust.—Look, where they come! 10

B

Flourish.

Flourish. Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA, with
their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold, and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be rec-
kon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony: 20

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say?—
Both?— 30

Call in the messengers.—As I am Ægypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine

Is

Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messen-
gers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide
arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus ; when such a mutual pair,
[Embracing.

And such a twain can do't ; in which, I bind, 40
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood !

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—

Now, for the love of love, and his soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh :
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch 50
Without some pleasure now : What sport to-night ?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen !

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !
No messenger, but thine ;—And all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;

Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us. 60

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEO. with their Train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phil. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! 68

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Another Part of the Palace. Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS,
ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.*

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the
soothsayer that you prais'd so to the queen? O! that
I knew this husband, which, you say, must change
his horns with garlands. 73

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will.

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know
things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enter

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink. 81

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush! 90

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than lov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be
married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow
them all! let me have a child at fifty, to whom
Herod of Jewry may do homage! find me to marry
with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my
mistress! 99

Sooth. You shall out-live the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than
figs.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former
fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no

B i i j

names :

names : Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have ?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And foretel every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool ! I forgive thee for a witch. 110

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to
your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras her's.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night,
shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing
else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth fa-
mine. 120

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prog-
nostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee,
tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how ? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she ?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune
better than I, where would you choose it ? 130

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend ! Alexas,
—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him
marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech
thee ! And let her die too, and give him a worse !
and

and let worse follow worse, 'till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold ! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight ; good Isis, I beseech thee !

140

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people ! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded ; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly !

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now ! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

150

Eno. Hush ! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord ?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here ?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth ; but on the sudden A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas ?

160

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger, and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him : Go with us.

[Exeunt.]

Mes. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mes. Ay :

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Cæsar ;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

170

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On :
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus ;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mes. Labienus (this is stiff news)
Hath, with his Parthian force, extended Asia,
From Euphrates his conquering banner shook,
From Syria, to Lydia, and to Ionia ;
Whilst——

180

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say—

Mes. O my lord !

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue ;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome :

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase ; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice

Have

Have power to titter. O, then we bring forth
weeds,

When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while. 189

Mes. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 Att. The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an
one?

2 Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—

These strong Ægyptian fetters I must break,

Enter a second Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 Mes. *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 Mes. In Sicyon: 199

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a Letter.*

Ant. Forbear me.— [*Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off;

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know, 210

My idleness doth hatch.—How now! *Enobarbus!*

Enter

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

217

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

232

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno.

Eno. Fulvia ! 240

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth ; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented : this grief is crown'd with consolation ; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat :—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow. 251

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you ; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose : I shall break The cause of our expedience to the queen, And get her love to part. For not alone 260 The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us ; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home : Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea : our slippery people (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver, 'Till his deserts are past) begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his dignities

Upon

Upon his son ; who, high in name and power, 270
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier ; whose quality, going on,
 The sides o'the world may danger : Much is breeding,
 Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he ?

Char. I did not see him since. 280

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he
 does :—

I did not send you ;—If you find him sad,
 Say, I am dancing ; if in mirth, report
 That I am sudden sick : Quick, and return.

[*Exit ALEX.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him
 dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce
 The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not ?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in
 nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool : the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far : I wish, forbear ;
In time we hate that which we often fear. 292

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall ;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me. 300

Ant. What's the matter ?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good
news.

What says the marry'd woman ?—You may go ;
'Would she had never given you leave to come !
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you ; her's you are.

Ant. The gods best know—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd ! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted. 310

Ant. Cleopatra—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and
true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia ? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,

C

Which

Which break themselves in swearing !

Ant. Most sweet queen—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your
going,

But bid farewell, and go : when you sh'd staying,
Then was the time for words : No going then ;— 320

Eternity was in our lips, and eyes ;

Bliss in our brow's bent ; none our parts so poor,

But was a race of heaven : They are so still,

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,

Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady !

Cleo. I would I had thy inches ; thou should'st
know,

There were a heart in Ægypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen :

The strong necessity of time commands 330

Our services a while ; but my full heart

Remains in use with you. Our Italy

Shines o'er with civil swords : Sextus Pompeius

Makes his approaches to the port of Rome :

Equality of two domestic powers

Breeds scrupulous faction : The hated, grown to
strength,

Are newly grown to love : the condemn'd Pompey,

Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace

Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd

Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ; 340

And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge

By any desperate change. My more particular,

And that which most with you should save my going,

Is

Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
freedom,

It does from childishness :—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen :
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd ; at the last, best :
See, when, and where she died. 350

Cleo. O most false love !
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water ? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice : By the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant ; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st. 360

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come ;—
But let it be,—I am quickly ill, and well :
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear ;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her ;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt : Good now, play one scene 370
Of excellent dissembling ; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood : no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword—

Cleo. And target—Still he mends ;
But this is not the best, Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady. 380

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part—but that's not it :
Sir, you and I have lov'd—but there's not it ;
That you know well : Something it is I would—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all-forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour, 390
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me ;
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you : Your honour calls you hence ;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you ! Upon your sword
Sit laurell'd victory ! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet !

Ant. Let us go. Come ;
Our separation so abides, and flies, 400
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

*CÆSAR's Palace in Rome. Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
LEPIDUS, and Attendants.*

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor: From Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptomely
More womanly than he: hardly give audience, or 410
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall find
there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy; 421
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes
him

(As his composure must be rare indeed,

C i i j

Whom

Whom these things cannot blemish), yet must Antony
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness : If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness, 430
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't : but, to confound such time—
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys ; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done ; and every
hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report 440
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea ;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar : to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less :—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were ;
And the ebb'd man ne'er lov'd, 'till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream, 451
Goes to, and back, lacking the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mes.

Mes. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
 Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
 Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound
 With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
 They make in Italy: the borders maritime
 Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
 No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon 460
 Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
 Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
 Leave thy lascivious wassels. When thou once
 Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
 Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more
 Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
 The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle 470
 Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did
 deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st: on the Alps,
 It is reported, thou did'st eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to look on: And all this
 (It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
 Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
 So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him. 480

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
 Drive him to Rome: Time is it, that we twain

Did

Did shew ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
 Assemble me immediate council: Pompey
 Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
 I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
 Both what by sea and land I can be able,
 To 'front this present time.

Cæs. 'Till which encounter, 490
 It is my business too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel, my lord: What you shall know
 mean time
 Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
 To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt it not, sir; I knew it for my bond.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*The Palace in Alexandria. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHAR-
 MIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Charmian—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha—Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
 My Antony is away. 501

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!

Char.

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,

That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts

May not fly forth of Ægypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam. 511

Cleo. Indeed!

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:

Yet have I fierce affections, and think,

What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony! 520

Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st?

The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm

And burgonet of man.—He's speaking now,

Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*

For so he calls me;—Now I feed myself

With most delicious poison:—Think on me,

That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,

And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was

A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey 530

Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;

There

There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Ægypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd, the last of many doubled kisses, 540
This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *the firm Roman to great Ægypt sends*
This treasure of an oyster: at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,
Say thou, *shall call her mistress.* So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him. 551

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the ex-
tremes

Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note
him:

He was not sad; for he would shine on those

That

That make their looks by his : he was not merry ;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Ægypt with his joy : but between both : 560

O heavenly mingle !—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes ;
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts ?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers :
Why do you send so thick ?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so ? 570

Char. O that brave Cæsar !

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis !
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar !

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My sallad days ! 580
When I was green in judgment : Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then !—But, come, away ;
Get me ink and paper ; he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Ægypt.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Messina. POMPEY'S House. Enter POMPEY, MENE-
CRATES, and MENAS.

Pompey.

If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Men. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pomp. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, de-
cays
The thing we sue for.

Men. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good : so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers. 10

Pomp. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Ægypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field ; 20
A mighty strength they carry.

Pomp. Where have you this ? 'tis false.

Men.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pomp. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,

Looking for Antony: But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan lip!

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,

Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite; 30

That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,

Even 'till a Lethe'd dulness—How now, Varrius?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome

Expected; since he went from Ægypt, 'tis

A space for farther travel.

Pomp. I could have given less matter

A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,

This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm

For such a petty war: his soldiership 40

Is twice the other twain: But let us rear

The higher our opinion, that our stirring

Can from the lap of Ægypt's widow pluck

The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,

Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:

His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;

His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,

Not mov'd by Antony.

D

Pomp.

Pomp. I know not, Menas, 50
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
 Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
 'Twere pregnant they should square between them-
 selves ;
 For they have entertained cause enough
 To draw their swords : but how the fear of us
 May cement their divisions, and bind up
 The petty difference, we yet not know.
 Be it as our gods will have it ! It only stands
 Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
 Come, Menas. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Rome. Enter ENOBARBUS, and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed, 61
 And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
 To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
 To answer like himself : if Cæsar move him,
 Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
 And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
 Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
 I would not shav't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching. 70

Eno. Every time
 Serves for the matter that is then borne in it.

Lep.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion :

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY, and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia :
Hark you, Ventidius.

80

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas ; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard : When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds : Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms, 90
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well :
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir !

Dij

Cæs.

Cæs. Nay, then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not. 101

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your
name

It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Ægypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome 110
Might be to you in Ægypt: Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Ægypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you—you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother
never

Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it; 120
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with your's;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,

As

As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself,
By laying defects of judgment to me ; but 130
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so :
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another :
The third o' the world is your's ; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife. 140

Eno. 'Would, we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women !

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet : for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria ; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts 150
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted ; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning : but, next day,
I told him of myself ; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon : Let this fellow

Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath ; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with. 161

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak ;
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it :—But on, Cæsar ;—
The article of my oath——

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd
them ;
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather ; 169
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it : Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Ægypt, made wars here ;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken. 179

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between you : to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the
instant,

instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again : you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only ; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to then ; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech : for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to
edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa ;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims

No

No worse a husband than the best of men ;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both
Would, each to other, and all loves to both, 220
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak ?

Cæs. Not 'till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good ?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and 230
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment !—Let me have thy hand :
Further this act of grace ; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs !

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly : Let her live 240
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and never
Fly off our loves again !

Lep.

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey;

For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought, 250
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would, we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of. 260

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt CÆS. ANT. and LEP.*

Mec. Welcome from Ægypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—
my honourable friend, Agrippa!— 270

Agr.

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Ægypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting. 280

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she purs'd up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter Devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that 290
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were
silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,

With

With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem 300
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony !

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings : at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackles
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense 310
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her : and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Ægyptian !

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper : she reply'd,
It should be better, he became her guest ; 320
Which she entreated : Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast ;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench !

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed ;
He plough'd her, and she cropt.

Eno.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the publick street : 330
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not :
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety : Other women cloy
The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things 340
Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them ;
Attendants, and a Soothsayer.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will some-
times
Divide me from your bosom. 350

Octa.

Octa. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow in prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square: but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear
lady.

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt CÆS. and OCTA.*]

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Ægypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor
you 361

Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hie you again to Ægypt.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's. 370

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to
thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
 Thou art sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,
 He beats thee 'gainst the odds ; thy lustre thickens,
 When he shines by : I say again, thy spirit 381
 Is all afraid to govern thee near him ;
 But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone :
 Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him :—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
 He hath spoken true : The very dice obey him ;
 And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
 Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds :
 His cocks do win the battle still of mine, 390
 When it is all to nought ; and his quails ever
 Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Ægypt :
 And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies.—O, come, Ventidius,
 You must to Parthia ; your commission's ready :
 Follow me, and receive it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

*The same ; A Street. Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS,
 and AGRIPPA.*

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther : pray you,
 hasten

Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony

Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow. 400

Lep. 'Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at mount

Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your stay is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about ;
You'll win two days upon me.

Both. Sir, good success !

409

Lep. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

*The Palace in Alexandria. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHAR-
MIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Give me some musick ; musick, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Omnes. The musick, ho !

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone ; let us to billiards : come, Char-
mian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman :—Come, you'll play with me, sir ?

Eij

Mar.

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good-will is shew'd, though it come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now :— 420

Give me mine angle—We'll to the river : there,

My musick playing far off, I will betray

Tawny-finn'd fishes : my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,

And say, Ah, ha ! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when

You wager'd on your angling ; when your diver

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he

With fervency drew up. 430

Cleo. That time !——O times !——

I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night

I laugh'd him into patience : and next morn,

Ere the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed ;

Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst

I wore his sword Philippan. O ! from Italy ;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,

That long time have been barren.

Mes. Madam, madam——

Cleo. Antony's dead ?— 440

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress :

But well and free,

If so thou yield him, there is gold, and here

My bluest veins to kiss ; a hand, that kings

Have

Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark ;
We use

To say, the dead are well : bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat. 450

Mes. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will ;
But there's no goodness in thy face : If Antony
Be free, and healthful—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings ! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mes. Will't please you hear me ?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st :
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well, 460
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mes. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou art an honest man.

Mes. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mes. But yet, madam— 470

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence ; fye upon *but yet* :
But yet is as a jailor to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friends with
Cæsar;

In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

Mes. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn? 480

Mes. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mes. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[Strikes him down.

Mes. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence, [Strikes him again.
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

[She hales him up and down.
Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle. 490

Mes. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou had'st,
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mes. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.
[Draws a Dagger.

Mes.

Mes. Nay, then I'll run :—

500

What mean you, madam ? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself ;
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Ægypt into Nile ! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents !—Call the slave again ;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him :—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him :—
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike 510
A meaner than myself ; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news : Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married ?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes. 520

Mes. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee ! dost thou hold
there still ?

Mes. Should I lie, madam ?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst ;
So half my Ægypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern

A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;
 Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
 Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married!

Mes. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married!

530

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
 To punish me for what you make me do,
 Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of
 thee,

That art not what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee hence:
 The merchandise, which thou hast brought from
 Rome,

Are all too dear for me; Lye they upon thy hand,
 And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger.

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

541

Cleo. I am paid for it now. Lead me from hence,
 I faint; O Iras! Charmian!—'Tis no matter:—
 Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
 Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
 Her inclination, let him not leave out
 The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[Exit ALEXAS.

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian;
 Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
 The other way he is a Mars:—Bid you Alexas

550

[To MARDIAN.

Bring

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum. Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one Door, with Drum and Trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pomp. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent:
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth, 560
That else must perish here.

Pomp. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And 569

What

What made, all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despightful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy
sails,

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pomp. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckow builds not for himself,
Remain in't, as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us
(For this is from the present), how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pomp. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates: then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back

Our

Our targes undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer. 600

Pomp. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer : But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience :—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey ;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks, 610
Which I do owe you.

Pomp. Let me have your hand :
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft ; and thanks to you
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither ;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pomp. Well, I know not,
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face ; 620
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pomp. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed :
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pomp. We'll feast each other ere we part ; and let us
Draw

Draw lots, who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey. 630

Pomp. No, Antony, take the lot : but, first,
Or last, your fine Ægyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pomp. I have fair meaning, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pomp. Then so much have I heard :—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that :—He did so. 640

Pomp. What, I pray you ?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pomp. I know thee now ; How far'st thou, soldier ?

Eno. Well ;

And well am like to do ; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pomp. Let me shake thy hand ;
I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir, 650
I never lov'd you much ; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pomp. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all :
Will you lead, lords ?

All. Shew us the way, sir.

Pomp. Come. [*Exeunt. Manent ENOB. and MEN.*]

Men. [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er
have made this treaty.— 660

You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me :
though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own
safety : you have been a great thief by sea. 670

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me
your hand, Menas : If our eyes had authority, here
they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their
hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true
face.

Men. No slander ; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you. 680

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a
drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his for-
tune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We look'd not for Mark
Antony here ; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra ?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But now she is the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir? 690

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band, that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation. 700

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Ægyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he marry'd but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard?

I have a health for you. 710

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have us'd our throats in Ægypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Near Mount Misenum. On board POMPEY's Galley.

Musick plays. Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man : Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more* ; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink. 721

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship : I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir : They take the flow o' the Nile 730

By certain scales i' the pyramid ; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,

F i j

Or

Or foizon, follow : The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises : as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Ægypt is bred now of your
mud by the operation of your sun : so is your croco-
dile.

741

Ant. They are so.

Pomp. Sit—and some wine.—A health to Lepi-
dus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er
out.

Eno. Not 'till you have slept ; I fear me, you'll be
in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies'
Pyramises are very goodly things ; without contra-
diction, I have heard that.

751

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*

Pomp. Say in mine ear : What is't ?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
[*Aside.*

And hear me speak a word.

Pomp. Forbear me 'till anon.—This wine for Le-
pidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile ?

Ant. It is shap'd, sir, like itself ; and it is as broad
as it hath breadth : it is just so high as it is, and
moves with its own organs : it lives by that which
nourisheth

nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates. 762

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it's own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pomp. [*To MENAS aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang!

Tell me of that? away! 770

Do as I bid you.—Where's the cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.

Pomp. [*Rises, and walks aside.*] I think, thou'rt mad.

The matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pomp. [*To MENAS.*] Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?—

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world? 780

Pomp. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pomp. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it,

And, though you think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

F i i j

Pomp.

Pomp. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove :
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips, 790
Is thine, if thou wilt have it.

Pomp. Shew me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel : Let me cut the cable ;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats :
All then is thine.

Pomp. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke of it ! In me, 'tis villany ;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour ; 800
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act : Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done ;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pomp. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore. — I'll pledge it for him,
Pompey. 810

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pomp. Fill, 'till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off* LEPIDUS.

Men.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

Men. The third part then he is drunk: 'Would it
were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels. 820

Men. Come.

Pomp. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!
Here is to Cæsar!

Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it,
I will make answer: but I had rather fast 830
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To ANT.
Shall we dance now the Ægyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink.

Pomp. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands;
'Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.— 839
Make battery to our ears with the loud musick:—
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volly.

[Musick plays. ENO. places them Hand in Hand.

S O N G.

S O N G.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne :
In thy vats our cares be drown'd ;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd ;
Cup us 'till the world go round ;
Cup us 'till the world go round !*

Cæs. What would you more ? — Pompey, good
night. Good brother, 850
Let me request you off : our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part ;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks : strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words ? Good
night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

Pomp. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir : give's your hand. 859

Pomp. O, Antony, you have my father's house,
But what ? we are friends : Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums !—these trumpets, flutes ! what !—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows : Sound, and be hang'd, sound
out.

[*Sound a Flourish, with Drums.*

Eno.

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain! Come! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Plain in Syria. Enter VENTIDIUS, as after Conquest; with SILIUS and other Romans, and the dead Body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ventidius.

Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes!
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony 10
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius!
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he we serve's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won

More

More in their officer, than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant, 20
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i'the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that, 30
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to An-
tony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what
haste 39

The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Rome. CÆSAR'S House. Enter AGRIPPA at one Door, ENOBARBUS at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone ;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome : Cæsar is sad ; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one : O, how he loves Cæsar !

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony !

Eno. Cæsar ? Why, he's the Jupiter of men. 51

Agr. What's Antony ? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar ? How ? the nonpareil !

Agr. O Antony ! O thou Arabian bird !

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say—Cæsar ;—go
no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent
praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best ; — Yet he loves
Antony :

Ho ! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæsar, kneel, 60

Kneel

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. So—
This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa. [*Trumpets.*]

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier! and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest
band

Shall pass on thy aproof.—Most noble Antony, 70
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find, 80
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewel, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes; It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on:—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What, Octavia?

92

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep?

Agr. He has a cloud in his face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.

101

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
rheum;

What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:
Believe it, 'till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

G

Lep.

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewel, farewel! [Kisses OCTAVIA.

Ant. Farewel! [Trumpets sound. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Palace in Alexandria. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow? 121

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter Messenger.

Alex. Goodd majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it. — Come thou
near.

Mes. Most gracious majesty— 130

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mes. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mes. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led

Between

Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me ?

Mes. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak ? Is she shrill-tongu'd,
or low ? 140

Mes. Madam, I heard her speak : she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good :—he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her ? O Isis ! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian : Dull of tongue, and
dwarfish !—

What majesty is in her gait ? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mes. She creeps ;

Her motion and her station are as one :

She shews a body rather than a life ;

A statue, than a breather. 150

Cleo. Is this certain ?

Mes. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Ægypt

Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,

I do perceive't :—There's nothing in her yet ;—

The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mes. Madam, she was a widow. 160

Cleo. Widow ?—Charmian, hark.

Mes. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind ? is it long, or
round ?

Mes. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too,
They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour?

Mes. Brown, madam : And her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill :— 170
I will employ thee back again ; I find thee
Most fit for business : Go, make thee ready ;
Our letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so : I repent me much,
That I so harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should
know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty ? Isis else defend, 180
And serving you so long !

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmian :—

But 'tis no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me.
Where I will write : All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

ANTONY's House at Athens. Enter ANTONY, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To publick ear: 190
Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took it,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts: The good gods will mock
me presently 200
When I shall pray, *O, bless my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not your's, 209

Than your's so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us : The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother : Make your soonest haste ;
So your desires are your's.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler ! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way ; for our faults 221
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going,
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. Enter ENOBARBUS, and EROS.

Eno. How now, friend Eros ?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man ?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon
Pompey.

Eno. This is old ; What is the success ? 230

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars
'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry ; would
not

not let him partake in the glory of the action : and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey ; upon his own appeal, seizes him : So the poor third is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then 'would thou had'st a pair of chaps, no more ;

And throw between them all the food thou hast, They'll grind the other. Where is Antony ? 240

Eros. He's walking in the garden — thus ; and spurns

The rush that lies before him : cries, *Fool, Lepidus !* And threats the throat of that his officer, That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius ; My lord desires you presently : my news I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught :

But let it be.—Bring me to Antony. 250

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Rome. CÆSAR's House. Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECENAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this : And more ;

In Alexandria—here's the manner of it—

I' the

I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly entron'd : at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son ;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt ; made her 260
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye ?

Cæs. I' the common-shew-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings :
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia : She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so. 271

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it ; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse ?

Cæs. Cæsar : and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him 280
His part o' the isle : then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd : lastly, he frets,

That

That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I have con-
quer'd, 290

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear
Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You
come not

Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony 300
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear: the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,

Rais'd

Rais'd by your populous troops : But you are come
A market-maid to Rome ; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd : we should have met you 310
By sea, and land ; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My griev'd ear withal ; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him. 320

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now ?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister ; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore ; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war : He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya ; Archelaus, 330
Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia ; the Thracian king, Adallas ;
King Malchus of Arabia ; king of Pont ;
Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,

With

With a more larger list of sceptres.

Ocla. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other ! 340

Cæs. Welcome hither :
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth ;
'Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart :
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities ;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome :
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought : and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers 351
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort ;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you :
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off ;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us. 360

Ocla. Is it so, sir ?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome : Pray you,
Be ever known to patience : My dearest sister !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

ANTONY's Camp, near the Promontory of Ægium.

Enter CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us? Why should
not we

Be there in person?

370

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—

If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his
time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids, 380
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will

Appear there for a man. Speak not against it ;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done. Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY, and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea, 390
And take in Toryne ?—You have heard on't, sweet ?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea ! What else ?

Can. Why will my lord do so ?

Ant. For that he dares us to't. 400

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey : But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off ;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd :
Your mariners are muletteers, reapers, people
Ingrost by swift impress ; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought :
Their ships are yare ; your's, heavy : No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea, 411

H

Being

Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land ;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd foot-men ; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge ; quite forego
The way which promises assurance ; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard, 420
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn ;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.—Thy business ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The news is true, my lord ; he is descried ;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person ? 'tis impossible ;
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius, 431
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse :—We'll to our ship ;
Away, my Thetis !—How now, worthy soldier ?

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea ;
Trust not to rotten planks : Do you misdoubt

This

This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Ægyptians,

And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

440

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANT. CLEO. and ENO.]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

451

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions, as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour: and throws
forth,

Each minute, some.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

The same. A Plain. Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, &c.

Cæs. Taurus.—

461

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,

'Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed

The prescript of this scroll: Our fortune lies

Upon this jump.

[*Excunt.*]

Enter ANTONY, and ENOBARBUS.

*Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.*

[*Excunt.*]

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his Land Army one Way
over the Stage; and TAURUS, the Lieutenant of
CÆSAR, the other Way. After their going in, is
heard the Noise of a Sea-Fight. Alarum. Enter
ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no
longer:*

471

The Antoniad, the Ægyptian admiral,

With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder——

To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them !

Eno. What's thy passion ?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance ; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

480

Eno. How appears the fight ?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald nag of *Ægypt*,
Whom leprosy o'ertake ! i' the midst o' the fight—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather our's the elder——
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld :

489

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being looft,
The noble ruin of her magick, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :
I never saw an action of such shame ;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath, 500

H i i j

And

And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
 Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
 O, he has given example for our flight,
 Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts ? Why then, good
 night

Indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't ; and there will I attend
 What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render 510
 My legions, and my horse ; six kings already
 Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
 The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
 Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

*The Palace in Alexandria. Enter ANTONY, with
 EROS, and other Attendants.*

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
 It is asham'd to bear me !—Friends, come hither ;
 I am so lated in the world, that I
 Have lost my way for ever :—I have a ship
 Laden with gold ; take that, divide it ; fly, 520
 And make your peace with Cæsar.

Omnes. Fly ! not we.

Ant.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders.—Friends, be gone :
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you ; be gone :
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon :
My very hairs do mutiny ; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them 530
For fear and doating.—Friends, be gone ; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness : take the hint
Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left
Which leaves itself : to the sea-side straightway :
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little : pray you now :—
Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you :—I'll see you by and by. 540

*Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN
and IRAS.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him :—Comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do ! Why, what else ?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno !

Ant. No, no, no, no, no !

Eros. See you here, sir ?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye !

Char. Madam——

Iras. Madam ; O good empress !——

Eros.

Eros. Sir, sir——

550

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen!

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unquality'd with very shame. 560

Cleo. Well then—Sustain me:—O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Ægypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind 570
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Ægypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that

Thy

Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me. 580

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must

To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon. 590

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our school-master,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, there, and our viands:— Fortune
knows,

We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

CÆSAR'S Camp, in Ægypt. Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his school-master:

An

An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither 600
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from ANTONY.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony :
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be it so ; Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and 610
Requires to live in Ægypt : which not granted,
He lessens his requests ; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens : This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness ;
Submits her to thy might ; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen 620
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail ; so she
From Ægypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there : This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee !

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit Ambassador.*

To

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time : Dispatch ;
From Antony win Cleopatra : promise,

[*To THYREUS.*

And in our name, what she requires ; add more,
From thine invention, offers : Women are not, 630
In their best fortunes, strong ; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal : Try thy cunning, Thyreus ;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw ;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

*The Palace in Alexandria. Enter CLEOPATRA, ENO-
BARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus ? 640

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this ?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other ? why should he follow ?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship ; at such a point,

When

When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
 The meered question : 'Twas a shame no less 650
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
 And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy,
 So she will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head, 660
 And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
 With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose
 Of youth upon him; from which, the world should
 note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
 May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
 Under the service of a child, as soon
 As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
 To lay his gay comparisons apart, 670
 And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
 Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[Exeunt ANTONY and Ambassador.]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
 Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the shew

Against

Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too. 681

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square. [*Aside.*
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly:—Yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer, 690
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that is, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—

700

I

Thus

Thus then, thou most renown'd ; Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on : Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O !

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd. 710

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right : Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit ENO.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him ? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you would make a staff 721
To lean upon : but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name ?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation 729
I kiss his conquering hand : tell him, I am prompt
To

To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel :
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Ægypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in, 740
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY, and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ah, you kite!—Now,
 gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd,
 ho! 750

Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
 I i j Than

Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!—

Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here (What's her
name,

Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows, 760
'Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Attendants, with THYREUS.*

You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unprest in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd 770
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O! is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of

Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out :—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this ?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you !* be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand ; this kingly seal, 790
And plighter of high hearts !—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to out-roar
The horned herd ! for I have savage cause ;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd ?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

Attend. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he ? and begg'd he pardon ?

Attend. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent 800
Thou wast not made his daughter ; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him : hence-
forth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment : Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him : for he seems
Proud and disdainful ; harping on what I am,

Not what he knew I was : He makes me angry ;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't ; 810
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done ; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me : Urge it thou :
Hence with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit* THYREUS.

Cleo. Have you done yet ?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon 820
Is now eclips'd ; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony !

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points ?

Cleo. Not know me yet ?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me ?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,
And poison it in the source ; and the first stone 830
Drop in my neck : as it determines, so
Dissolve my life ! The next Cæsarion smite !
'Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Ægyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless ; 'till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey !

Ant. I am satisfy'd :

Cæsar

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria ; where
 I will oppose his fate. Our force by land 840
 Hath nobly held ; our sever'd navy too
 Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.
 Where hast thou been, my heart ?—Dost thou hear,
 lady ?

If from the field I should return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood ;
 I and my sword will earn my chronicle—
 There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord !

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
 And fight maliciously : for when mine hours 850
 Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
 Of me for jests ; but now, I'll set my teeth,
 And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
 Let's have one other gaudy night : call to me
 All my sad captains, fill our bowls ; once more
 Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day :
 I had thought, to have held it poor ; but, since my
 lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well. 860

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them ; and to-night I'll
 force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my
 queen ;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
 I'll

I'll make death love me ; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANT. and CLEO.]

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be
furious,

Is, to be frightened out of fear : and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge ; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain 870
Restores his heart : When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria. Enter CÆSAR, reading a
Letter ; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, &c.*

Cæsar.

HE calls me boy ; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Ægypt : my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods ; dares me to personal
combat,

Cæsar to Antony : Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die ; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now

Make

Make boot of his distraction : Never anger 10
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight :—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done ;
And feast the army : we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The Palace at Alexandria. Enter ANTONY, and
CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS,
ALEXAS, with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No. 20

Ant. Why should he not ?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
tune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight : or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well ?

Eno. I'll strike ; and cry, *Take all.*

Ant. Well said ; come on—
Call forth my household servants ; let's to-night 30
Enter

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest ;—so hast thou ;—
And thou ;—and thou ;—and thou :—you have serv'd
me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this ?

Eno. [*Aside.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which
sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men ;
And all of you clapt up together in
An Antony ; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The gods forbid !

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night :
Scant not my cups ; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean ?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night ;
May be, it is the period of your duty :
Haply, you shall not see me more ; or if,
A mangled shadow : perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away ; but, like a master

Married

Married to your good service, stay 'till death :
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't ?

Eno. What mean you, sir, 60
To give them this discomfort ? Look, they weep ;
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd : for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho !
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus !
Grace grow where those drops fall ! my hearty
friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense :
For I spake to you for your comfort ; did desire you
To burn this night with torches : Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow ; and will lead you, 70
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to supper ; come,
And drown consideration. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Before the Palace. Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night : to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way : fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

1 *Sold.* Nothing : What news ?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour : Good night to
you.

1 *Sold.*

1 Sold. Well, sir, good night.
[They meet with other Soldiers.]

2 Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch. 80

1 Sold. And you: Good night, good night.
[They place themselves on every Corner of the Stage.]

2 Sold. Here we: and if to-morrow
 Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
 Our landmen will stand up.

1 Sold. 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.
[Musick of Hautboys under the Stage.]

2 Sold. Peace, what noise?

1 Sold. List, list!

2 Sold. Hark!

1 Sold. Musick i' the air.

3 Sold. Under the earth. 90

4 Sold. It signs well, does it not?

3 Sold. No.

1 Sold. Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
 Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen
 Do hear what we do.

2 Sold. How now, masters? *[Speak together.]*

Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?

1 Sold. Ay? Is't not strange? 100

3 Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
 Let's see how it will give off.

Omnes. Content:—'Tis strange. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

CLEOPATRA's Palace. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with CHARMIAN, and others.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come! mine armour!
Eros!

Enter EROS, with Armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on:—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.

110

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

Ant. What's this for? Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart:—False, false! this, this!

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

120

He that unbuckles this, 'till we do please
To doff it for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this, than thou: Dispatch.—O love,
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see

K

Enter

Enter an Officer armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee ; welcome :
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge :
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight. 130

Off. A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Trumpets flourish.]

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general !

All. Good morrow, general !

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so ; come, give me that : this way ; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me : 140
This is a soldier's kiss : rebukable, *[Kisses her.]*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment ; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close ; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[Exeunt ANT. Officers, &c.]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber ?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight ! 149
Then, Antony—But now—Well, on. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE

SCENE V.

*Near Alexandria. Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY,
and EROS; a Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once
prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier,
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Eros. Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus, 160
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it; 170
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause

To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Dispatch.—Enobarbus!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

*Cæsar's Camp. Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, with ENO-
BARBUS, and others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit AGRIPPA.

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near: 180
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the vant,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [Exit CÆSAR, &c.

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry, on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade 190
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That

That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty over-plus: The messenger 200
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus,
I tell you true: Best you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [Exit.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony, 210
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall out-strike thought; but thought will do't, I
feel.

I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

Before the Walls of Alexandria. Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far :
 Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression 220
 Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !
 Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
 With c'outs about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
 But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes ; I have yet
 Room for six scotches more. 230

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir ; and our advantage
 serves
 For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
 And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind ;
 'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
 Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold

For

For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

*Under the Walls of Alexandria. Alarum. Enter AN-
TONY again in a March. SCARUS, with others.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: Run one be-
fore, 240

And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shewn all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears,
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;
[*To SCARUS.*

Enter CLEOPATRA.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts, 251
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!

O in-

O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl?
though grey 260
Do something mingle with our younger brown; yet
have we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled 270
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we would all sup together;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds to-
gether, 280
Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE IX.

CÆSAR's Camp. Enter a Centinel, and his Company.

ENOBARBUS follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard : The night
Is shiny ; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

1 Sold. This last day was a shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night !—

2 Sold. What man is this ?

1 Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon! 290
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent !

Cent. Enobarbus !

3 Sold. Peace ; hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me ;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me : Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault ; 300
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony!
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular ;
But let the world rank me in register

A master-

A master-leaver, and a fugitive :

O Antony ! O Antony !

[Dies.

1 Sold. Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

310

2 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather ; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

1 Sold. Go we to him.

2 Sold. Awake, sir, awake ; speak to us.

1 Sold. Hear you, sir ?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.—

[Drums afar off.

Hark, how the drums demurely wake the sleepers :

Let's bear him to the court of guard ; he is

Of note : our hour is fully out.

320

2 Sold. Come on then ;

He may recover yet.

[Exeunt, with the Body.

SCENE X.

*Between the two Camps. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS,
with their Army.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea ;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air ;
We'd fight there too. But this it is ; Our foot

Upon

Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
 Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
 They have put forth the haven, 330
 Where their appointment we may best discover,
 And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CÆSAR, and his Army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
 Which, as I take it, we shall; for his best force
 Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
 And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter ANTONY, and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine
 does stand,
 I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
 Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*]

Scar. Swallows have built 340
 In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
 Say, they know not—they cannot tell;—look
 grimly,
 And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
 Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
 His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
 Of what he has, and has not. [*Exit.*]

*Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-Fight. Re-enter
 ANTONY.*

Ant. All is lost;
 This foul Ægyptian hath betrayed me:

My

My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder
 They cast their caps up, and carouse together 350
 Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis
 thou

Hast sold me to this novice ; and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly ;
 For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
 I have done all :—Bid them all fly, be gone.
 O sun! thy uprise shall I see no more :
 Fortune and Antony part here ; even here
 Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets 360
 On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is bark'd,
 That over-topp'd them all. Betray'd I am :
 O this false soul of Ægypt! this grave charm—
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
 home :

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end—
 Like a right gipsey, hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
 What, Eros, Eros ! 368

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell ! Avaunt.—

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love ?

Ant. Vanish ; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians :
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot

Of

Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shewn
For poor'st diminutives to dolts; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone—

[Exit CLEOPATRA.

If it be well to live: But better 'twere,
Thou fell'st into my fury; for one death 380
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!——
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die?
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I
fall
Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [Exit.

SCENE XI.

CLEOPATRA'S Palace. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHAR-
MIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd. 391

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are
dead,

L

The

The soul and body rive not more at parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument :—

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously : Hence, Mardian ;
And bring me how he takes my death.—To the monu-
ment. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

The same. Enter ANTONY, and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me ? 401

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish ;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air : Thou hast seen these
signs ;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord. 410

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a
thought,

The rack dislimns ; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body : here I am Antony ;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Ægypt ; and the queen—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine ;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't 420
A million more, now lost—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros ; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady !

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony ;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch ; peace ; 430
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once ;
And that she hath discharg'd : What thou would'st
do,

Is done unto thy hand ; the last she spake
Was, Antony ! most noble Antony !
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony ; it was divided
Between her heart and lips : she render'd life,
The name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then ? 440

Mar. Dead.

L i

Ant.

Ant. Unarm, Eros ; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep :—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly ; Go,—Off, pluck off ;—

[*Exit* MARDIAN.

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case !—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier ;—Bruised pieces, go ;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

[*Exit* EROS.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and 45¹
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture :—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further : Now all labour
Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength : Seal then, and all is done.—
Eros !—I come, my queen :—Eros !—Stay for me :
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in
hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze :
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops, 46⁰
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros !

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord ?

Ant. Since Cleopatra dy'd,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With

With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman, less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros, 470
That when the exigent should come (which now
Is come, indeed), when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'st kill me: do't, the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'Tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not? 480

Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country. 491

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not
then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.— [Turning from him.

Eros. My sword is drawn. 500

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewel, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then:—Thus do I escape the
sorrow [EROS kills himself.

Of Antony's death. [Dies.

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself! 511

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros! what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[Falling on his Sword,
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead! not dead!—
The guard?—how!—O, dispatch me. 520

Enter DERCEITAS, and Guards.

1 Guard. What's the noise?

Ant.

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make
an end
Of what I have begun.

2 Guard. The star is fallen.

1 Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 Guard. Not I.

2 Guard. Nor I.

3 Guard. Nor any one.

529

[*Exeunt.*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?

[*Exit* DERCEBAS.

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

540

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophe-
syng fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw

(Which

(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
 She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
 Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was
 dead ;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
 Me to proclaim the truth ; and I am come, 550
 I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed :—Call my guard, I
 pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho ! the emperor's guard ! The
 guard, what, ho !
 Come, your lord calls.

Enter a Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra
 bides ;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Woe, woe, are we, sir, you may not live
 to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day !

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
 fate 560

To grace it with your sorrows : bid that welcome
 Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
 Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up :
 I have led you oft ; carry me now, good friends,
 And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing ANT.*]

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

A Monument. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS, above.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not :

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise ; or size of sorrow, 570
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now ? is he dead ?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument,

His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in !—darkling
stand

The varying shore o' the world !—O Antony !

Antony ! Antony !

Help, Charmian, help ; Iras, help ; help, friends

Below ; let's draw him hither. 581

Ant. Peace :

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,

But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony ; but woe 'tis so !

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying ; only
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

590

Cleo. I dare not,
Dear, dear, my lord, pardon ; I dare not,
Lest I be taken : not the imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me ; if knife, drugs, serpents,
have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony—
Help me, my women—we must draw thee up ;—
Assist, good friends.

601

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed !—How heavy weighs
my lord !

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight : Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little—
Wishers were ever fools ;—O, come, come, come !—

[*They draw ANTONY up to CLEOPATRA.*
And welcome, welcome ! die, where thou hast liv'd :
Quicken with kissing ;—had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

611

All.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying:

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false huswife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!—

Cleo. They do not go together. 620

Ant. Gentle, hear me:—
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust,
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to 630
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more— [ANTONY dies.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys, and girls,
Are

Are level now with men : the odds is gone, 641
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints.

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!—

Char. O madam, madam, madam—

Iras. Royal Ægypt! empress!

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.* 650

Cleo. No more—but e'en a woman; and com-
manded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
'Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Char-
mian? 661

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take
heart:—

We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's
noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:

This

This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
 Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
 But resolution, and the briefest end. 669
 [*Exeunt, bearing off ANTONY's Body.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

CÆSAR's Camp. *Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and Train.*

Cæsar.

Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
 Being so frustrated, tell him, he mocks
 The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

Enter DERCETAS, with the Sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that
 dar'st

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
 Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
 Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
 He was my master; and I wore my life, 10
 To spend upon his haters: If thou please
 To take me to thee, as I was to him
 I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
 I yield thee up my life.

M

Cæs.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st ?

Der. I say, O Cæsar! Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack : The round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens :—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom ; in the name lay 21
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar ;
Not by a publick minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it ; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood. 30

Cæs. Look you sad, friends ?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity : but you, gods ! will give us 40
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs.

Cæs. O Antony!

I have follow'd thee to this ;—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine ; we could not stall together
In the whole world : But yet let me lament.
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts, 50
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle—that our stars,
Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends—
But I will tell you at some meeter season ;

Enter an Egyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you? 60

Ægypt. A poor Ægyptian yet : The queen my
mistress,

Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction ;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart ;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her : for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle. 70

M ij

Ægypt.

Ægypt. So the gods preserve thee! [Exit.

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke,
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her. 79

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit PROCULEIUS.

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [Exit GALLUS.

All. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings; Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*The Monument. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and
IRAS.*

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make 91
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister

A minister of her will : And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.—

Enter, below, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, &c.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Ægypt ;
And bids thee study on what fair demands 100
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name ?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you ; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom : if he please 110
To give me conquer'd Ægypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer ;

You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing :
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need : Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency ; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness, 120

M i i j

Where

Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

129

[*Aside.*] You see how easily she may be surpris'd;

[*Here GALLUS and Guard ascend the
Monument, and enter behind.*

Guard her, 'till Cæsar come.

[*Exit.*

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a Dagger.*

PROCULEIUS rushes in, and disarms the Queen.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of
languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse our master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

140

Cleo.

Cleo. Where art thou, death ?
Come hither, come ! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars !

Pro. O, temperance, lady !

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir ;
If idle talk will once be necessary, 149
I'll not sleep neither : This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court ;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And shew me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome ? Rather a ditch in Ægypt
Be gentle grave unto me ! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring ! rather make
My country's high pyramids my gibbet, 160
And hang me up in chains !

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee : as for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best : be gentle to her.— 170
To

To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,

[To CLEOPATRA.

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [Exit PROCULEIUS.

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.

You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam. 180

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein
stuck

A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and
lighted

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was property'd 190
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above

The

The element they liv'd in : In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets ; realms and islands
were

As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra——

200

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a
man.

As this I dream'd of ?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lye, up to the hearing of the gods.

But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming : Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy ; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam :

210

Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it
As answering to the weight : 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of your's, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me ?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir—

Dol. Though he be honourable—

220

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph ?

Dol. Madam, he will ; I know it.

All. Make way there—Cæsar.

Enter

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, MECÆNAS, PROCULEIUS,
and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen of Ægypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [*CLEO. kneels.*

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise; rise, Ægypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

I must obey.

230

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:

The record of what injuries you did us,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,

I cannot project mine own cause so well

To make it clear; but do confess, I have

Been laden with like frailties, which before

Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,

240

We will extenuate rather than enforce:

If you apply yourself to our intents

(Which towards you are most gentle), you shall find

A benefit in this change: but if you seek

To lay on me a cruelty, by taking

Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself

Of my good purposes, and put your children

To that destruction which I'll guard them from,

If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis your's;
and we 250

Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasure; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus. 260

Sel. Madam,

I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be your's;
And, should we shift estates, your's would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does 271
Even make me wild:—O slave of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back?
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Cæs.

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this ;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness 280
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy ! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady-trifles had reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal ; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation ; must I be unfolded 289
With one that I have bred ? The gods ! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence ;

[To SELEUCUS.]

Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance :—Wert thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus. [Exit SELEUCUS.]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-
thought

For things that others do ; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our names,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra, 300
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest : still be it your's,
Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you

Of

Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear
queen;

For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And so, adieu. 310

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: Adieu.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR, and his Train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I
should not
Be noble to myself: But hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers CHARMIAN.*]

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will. 320

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir.

[*Exit CHARMIAN.*]

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:

N

Make

Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

330

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, Iras, what
think'st thou?

Thou, an Ægyptian puppet, shalt be shewn
In Rome, as well as I: mechanick slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

340

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhimers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

350

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter

Enter CHARMIAN.

Shew me, my women, like a queen ;—Go fetch
My best attires ;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony :—Sirrah, Iras, go.— 360
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed :
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee
leave

To play 'till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise ? *[A Noise within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highness' presence ;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What a poor instrument
[Exit Guard.

May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing 370
Of woman in me : Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant : now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a Basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. *[Exit Guard.*

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not ?

Clown. Truly I have him : but I would not be the
party that should desire you to touch him, for his
N i j biting

biting is immortal; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover. 381

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lye; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she dy'd of the biting of it, what pain she felt—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm: But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm. 391

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm. 400

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know, the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whore-son devils do the gods great harm in their women; for

for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone ; farewell. 411

Clown. Yes, forsooth ; I wish you joy o' the worm. [Exit.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have Immortal longings in me : Now no more

The juice of Ægypt's grape shall moist this lip :—

Yare, yare, good Iras ; quick.—Methinks, I hear Antony call ; I see him rouse himself

To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock

The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men 420

To excuse their after wrath : Husband, I come :

Now to that name my courage prove my title !

I am fire, and air ; my other elements

I give to baser life.—So—have you done ?

Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.

Farewel, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long farewell.

[Applying the Asp.

Have I the aspick in my lips ? Dost fall ? [To IRAS.

If thou and nature can so gently part,

The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,

Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still ?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world 431

It is not worth leave-taking. [IRAS dies.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I may say,

The gods themselves do weep !

Cleo. This proves me base :

If she first meet the curled Antony,

He'll make demand of her ; and spend that kiss,

N i i j

Which

Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal
wretch,

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate

[*To the Asp.*

Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool, 440

Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak!

That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass

Unpolicy'd!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,

That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle—

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:— 450

[*Applying another Asp to her Arm.*

What, should I stay—

[*Dies.*

Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee well.

Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies

A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;

And golden Phœbus never be beheld

Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;

I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

460

Char. Too slow a messenger.—

CHARMIAN *applies the Asp.*

O, come;

O, come; apace, dispatch:—I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's
beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—
call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this
well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier! *CHARMIAN dies.*

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

470

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.

Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:

She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?—
I do not see them bleed.

481

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 *Guard.*

1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her
figs ;

This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 *Guard.* O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now ; she stood, and spake :
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden drop'd. 490

Cæs. O noble weakness !—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling : but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here on her breast
There is a vent of blood, and something blown :
The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.* This is an aspick's trail ; and these fig-
leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves 500
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she dy'd ; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed ;
And bear her women from the monument :—
She shall be buried by her Antony :
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these

Strike

Strike those that make them : and their story is 510

No less in pity, than his glory, which

Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,

In solemn shew, attend this funeral ;

And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see

High order in this great solemnity.

515

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.



Such a thing had never been seen before, and their story is
No less in fact, than his story, which
brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn state, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, I hope, the
High altar in this room soliciting.
[Exeunt.]

THE END.



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